CANADIAN COURIER.



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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

usher afterward asked him if he had worn the hat purposely or, if it was merely absent-minded negligence. "No," said the man. "I have been attending this church regularly for nearly two years, and no one has ever spoken to me in all that time. I just thought I would leave my hat on my head this morning to see if it would serve as an introduction to toome one. I am glad to meet you." * * *

"Mostly Fools."-A quack "Mostly Fools."—A quack and a doctor of great learning once fell into conversation. The regular doc-or said to the other, "How is it that you, without education, skill, or the east knowledge of medicine, are able to live in the siyle you do? You have your town house, your carriages, your motor car and your country house, while I can little more than pick up a bare subsistance." The quack, so the story goes, laugh-ed good-naturedly. and

ed good-naturedly. "Look here," said he. "How many people do you think have passed us on the street here since you asked that question?"

"Well," said the other, "about one hundred."

"And out of that hundred how many do you think possess good common sense?"

"Possibly one," was the reply. "Well," said the quack, "that one comes to you, and I take care of the ninety-pipe" ninety-nine."

Valuable Secret.—Burglar—"Don't shoot me, sir." Householder—"On one condition. that you tell me how you got in with-out waking my wife."—Pele Mele. * *

Tommy Wasn't One.—Teacher— "Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?" Tommy—"A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."— Lippincott's.

Marriage is a Lottery.

Oh, marriage is a lottery! That fact no one assails. Therefore love letters should not be Permitted in the mails. —Town Topics. * * *

The Brute.

"See that measuring worm crawling up my skirt?" cried Mrs. Bjenks. "That's a sign I'm going to have a new dress." "Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Bjenks. "And while he's about it, have him send a hookworm to do you up the back. I'm tired of the job."—Liverpool Mercury.

Confusing Glance.—A bicvelist was so unfortunate as to knock down a pedestrian and was so uniquely humane as to remain to inquire about him. As he dusted off the shoulder of the victim, he noticed that the lat-ter was cross-eyed. "Why didn't you look where you were going?" asked the pedestrian output

were game angrily. "Why didn't you go where you were looking?" was the reply. * * *

The Moving Picture Show.

The Great Picture Play—The Long-est Way Round. (Approved by all the boards of cen-

sorship.)

A Happy Home. George Goes to the City. False Friends. The Fatal Letter. Another Fatal Letter. A Week Later. Two Years Later. The Prison Gates Open.

Love Triumphant.

*** Seeing Not Believing.—Orville Wright, at a banquet in Dayton, told of an obstinate old Daytonian who. looking up one still afternoon at the Wright biplanes circling smoothly and steadily through the air, said: "When reople first told me about this here flyin', I called 'em liars. Then, when I read about it in the papers, I said it was a fake." The old man, watching the biplanes moving in great curves like lazy birds, shook his head thoughtfully. "By crinus!" he said. "I ain't what ye mout call convinced yet, nuther."

26